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CHIEF ENOS:

THE

First of the Modoc Massacres.

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

BY WILLIAM CHACEY AVERY.

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year A.D. 1873, by William Chacey Avery, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

SALEM, OREGON:
E. M. WAITE, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER.
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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CHIEF ENOS.—First Chief of the Modoc Tribe.

SHYON.—War Chief of the Modoc Tribe.

ANSCOR, ZELMOND.—A young man of wealth.

PETER. } Prospectors.
BOB. }

KENTUCK. } Zelmond in disguise.
PRISONER. }

BEN.—A renegade white.

NED.—One of Ben's soldiers.

MR. YOUKNOWIM.—Special detective, a base pretender, who goes for the uninitiated.

MR. TAKEIN.—A shyster lawyer, a gigantic fraud that infests all communities, towns, cities, and nations.

LYONIA ENOS.—Half-sister to the Chief.

SALLIE.—Peters' betrothed.

BRIDGET. } Conspirators in league with the detective and shyster lawyer.
DINOR. }

Prospectors, Soldiers, Warriors, Squaws, and Pappooses in attendance.

SCENES.

Partly in Oregon and partly in California. Presented in fine oil paintings, size 10½ by 15 feet taken by special artists.

Painted by WILLIAM S. PARROT, of Salem, Oregon.

1st.	Chief Enos' Mountain Home	Oregon.
2d.	Yreka	California.
3d.	Shyon's Murdered Family	Oregon.
4th.	Prospectors in Camp	Oregon.
5th.	The Prisoner's Cave	California.
6th.	Chief Enos's Stronghold in the Lava Bed	California.
7th.	Fatal Masacre	Oregon.
8th.	Totoney's Camp on Lower Rogue River	Oregon.
9th.	Crescent City	California.
10th.	San Francisco	California.

CHIEF ENOS:

THE FIRST OF THE MODOC MASSACRES.

ACT I.

SCENE 1ST.—*In front of Chief Enos' wigwam. Enter Chief.*

Chief.—O, the villain! twenty snows ago, I remember as it were but yesterday, when first he came to our peaceful wigwam, asking for food and shelter to protect him from the cold winter's storm ; my father, noble Chieftain that he was, took the pale face by the hand and bade him welcome, little dreaming that in so doing, he entertained a fiend from the infernal regions of the damned, the despoiler of his happy home. But so it was; in the dark hour of temptation, my mother fell, the charmed victim of the great pale face medicine man. O! how my father avenged that terrible crime, let the Great Spirit answer. They are all gone to the happy hunting ground, there to receive their reward, save the infant girl; she has been reared by the pale face, and of course learned to despise her Indian brother; still my heart yearns for her. Lyonia, O! Lyonia, my sister, shall we ever meet again?

SCENE 2D.—*Yreka. California. Room in a private house.*

Enter Anscor, Zelmond, and Lyonia Enos.

Anscor.—My name and honor I offer you, will you be mine, and mistress of the Zelmond mansion?

Lyonia.—The high regard and esteem I have for you, language cannot express; but urge me not, I cannot be your wife.

Anscor.—Millions I possess, and would willingly sacrifice every dollar to have you mine.

Lyonia.—Your honor is dearer to me than life, or I would be your wife; to you, I will be true,—I am of humble birth.

Anscor.—My name and fortune would place you in a position that none would ask from whence you sprang.

Lyonia.—From whence I sprang! Anscor, know then, that my mother was an Indian woman; now you have my reason, I will never marry you.

Anscor.—I swear I love you none the less. Did we not all from Adam spring? Will we not all to dust return? 'Tis not the color of the skin, nor the luster of the eye! 'Tis the mind that makes the man, [*moves as if to embrace her*] you must, you shall be mine!

Lyonia—[*she shuns his embrace*] Never will I consent for you to place yourself in a position where you may be insulted on my account; your wife must never be called a half-breed, so farewell, now and forever.

Exit Lyonia.

Anscor.—Farewell, and forever,—I swear by Him who rules the world, I will never wed another: my heart goes with that girl, and I will go the mountains, and there in solitude will I spend the remainder of my wretched life!

Exit Anscor.

Re-enter *Lyonia.*

Lyonia.—O what shall I do! O, my God what shall I do! I love him, O, how dearly I love him! But I must not meet him here again, for I will never marry him with this pale face stigma on my name. Half-breed! half-breed! would to God I was a fullbreed; this vain pomp and boast of the pale face I despise. Civilization! christianity! education! and refinement! what are they, but the thinest of cloaks to hide the darkest of crimes. I am disgusted, yea, more than disgusted! I would rather be a savage and dwell in the mountains with my brother. There I should never be called a half-breed: never clasp the hand without the heart; never smile to greet my foe; never lie because it would be impolitic to speak the truth; never fawn nor flatter to gain my bread and butter, nor bend the knee in semblence of prayer when the heart is not there, nor ruin my health for fashions sake, but like an honest maid, select the choice of my heart from Nature's noblemen. Ah! I sigh for the freedom of the mountains. Noble brother, I come to you; you will not call me a half-breed, and there Anscor and I can never meet. My friends and tutor, here I bid adieu; farewell, civilization, farewell. My brother, I come to you.

Exit.

SCENE 3D.—*Modoc country. Indian camp. One squaw and two children dead on the ground, Ben and a party of prospectors present.*

Enter Zelmond in disguise.

Zelmond.—Great God, boys, what have you done?

Ben.—Been getting even on Indians.

Zelmond.—Had I been here, I would have died before you should have done this deed!

Ben.—You had better die now, it wont take long. [*Putting his hand on his revolver.*]

Zelmond.—Oh! you hellish fiend, it would make an honest miner blush to hear of such a crime, and were you in camp, a rope would put an end to your worthless life. But say, what excuse can you have for such a deed?

Ben.—The infernal Snakes killed my brother and stole all of our horses, and I am bound to kill every damned Indian I get a chance at.

Zelmond.—I know that the Snakes are bad Indians, but does that justify this cowardly attack upon a poor Modoc family, who have no connection with the Snakes, and are said to be good Indions?

Ben.—All Indians are good when dead, [*pointing to the dead on the ground*] and I for one, propose to be a faithful missionary to make them all good as I can.

Zelmond.—I fear great trouble will grow out of this brutal murder, for I can call it nothing else; of this poor defenceless family: had they been *warriors*, it would not look so bad.

Ben.—Let trouble come, who cares; dam 'em, I say, served them right.

Zelmond.—If you, who done this deed alone should suffer for it, it would not seem so bad. But I know that inocent blood will flow to pay for this inhuman act by you committed. In this way most of all our Indian troubles begin. Some *irresponsible* renegade, while traveling through their country, commits some *depredation*. This rouses the indignation of the Indian, who in the simplicity of his heart, knows no law but that of vengence, and woe be to him who falls in his way, for according to the *teaching* of his tribe, he regards neither age or sex, but like a clap of thunder falls on his foe when least expected, and another *unprovoked massacre* is laid to his charge, another *long, bloody* and *expensive* war is fought, till he at length overcome, with vengence still rankling in his heart, has to succumb to the strong arm of the government, and in sullen silence bides his time, ever ready at the first opportunity to spring with redoubled fury on his unsuspecting victim. For his untutored heart never forgives an insult nor forgets an injury. Then how cautious we who *Christians* claim to be, should guard our every act, least we should rouse his savage heart to deeds of madness, and show to him that we can be honest and upright on all occasions. Were this done, my word for it, less innocent blood would be by the Indians shed.

Exit.

Enter Shyon, father of the Modoc family.

Shyon.—The Great Spirit warned me that the prowling, sneaking, cowardly Snakes was on the war path. I, in the security of my heart heeded it not, but this has been their work, no other tribe has sunk so low as to do this

deed [*kneels and picks up his child,*] my darling babe speak! Oh speak to me, those little lips will ne'er speak to papa again. Your mother and brother too, lie still in death, and I away upon the mountain getting food for you to eat; had I been here, they who done this would not now boast of it. Oh my poor heart! no it shall not break nor womanish tears unbidden start, for I have work to do, I will give them burial and then to my chief, with his permission and that of the Great Spirit, I swear to avenge their death. *Exit.*

Chief Enos' mountain home. Chief and warriors present.

Enter Shyon, honored Chief.

Chief.—Speak, Shyon.

Shyon.—But yesterday I was a happy man the husband of a loving wife, father of two small prattling babes. With jealous eye, I watched their tiny forms expand and grow, hoping, trusting, happy in the thought that they would be the staff of my declining years. As was my custom, I took my trusty gun and up the mountain climbed to see what game I might bring down; an elk, bear and blacktails three, I slaughtered ere I wearied of the chase, thence homeward bound I turned my steps—Great Spirit I had no home! The mangled corpse of my dear wife and darling babes lay scattered around my wigwam. At first I laid it to the Snakes; I looked again, no scalps were gone, the treacherous pale face had done the deed. I took their trail from thence to you, asking that the pipe of peace may be broken, the tomahawk dug up, the scalping knife ground and the blood of my family avenged. I will never sleep till my request is granted.

Chief.—I fear that you have done some great wrong to the pale face, else why should he have served you so?

Shyon.—Honored Chief, you have known me from my infancy up, speak, when did Shyon wrong friend or foe?

Chief.—Noble Shyon, if you have done no wrong be ruled by me. Some *renegade pale face* has done this deed. I will go to their chief and demand that he be given up to justice, and with his death pay the penalty of all his crimes.

Shyon.—How oft have you gone to the pale face, but never returned with justice, only mocked. If your wife and beautiful daughters insulted were, who would protect them—the great pale face Chief! no; your own good strong right arm is ever ready to avenge the wrongs of your family, I know the parties to this crime, and I will punish them; I ask no more, I except no less. Shyon has spoken.

Cheered by the warriors.

Chief.—Shyon, prepare your warriors and go, and may the Great Spirit go

with you, and lead you on to victory; you have our consent, in his name we bid you go.

[*A pipe is passed, the warriors refuse to put it to their lips. Checks striped red and black. Chief presents Shyon with tomahawk and knife, then takes the pipe, breaks and throw it away.*]

Exit.

Enter Lyonia.

Lyonia.—I am here at last; how strange everything looks; there is nothing as I expected to find it; what a wild impenetrable, uninhabitable, rugged region this is! But a few years ago, every rock, shrub and running rill, was as familiar to me as the face of my nearest and dearest friend. After I have seen my brother, I must go and climb yonder grand magnificent mountain, whose top pierces through the clouds, and kiss those dear old rocks in remembrance of the happy days spent here when a child. O, where on earth can my brother be! he will never know me in the world, [*looks at her dress,*] well if I han't done it, come here dressed like a pale face; I must go to my aunt's and get fixed to meet my brother; I will make a pretty squaw, I will. [*Drops a bit of ribbon.*]

Exit.

Enter Chief.

Chief.—How strange it is, I had another vision in the dark silent hours of the night, when everything was calm and hushed in silence. The spirit of a departed friend held sweet converse with me, warned me of danger; also told me that my only sister was coming to live with me. My heart goes out to meet her; in years gone by, how oft her little arms twined 'round my neck, and kisses hung upon my lips. In after years when through deep defile or up rugged mountain steep we climbed our way together, startling the wild beasts from their hiding place, who at a single glance of her dark piercing eye took 'mediate flight and ran away. Ah! to behold her neat and graceful form, as from rock to rock she leaped to cross the rapid mountain torrent, or as if to mock the mountain silver trout, plunged into the stream and swam across and with a light and cheerful heart, sent echo back on echo, her clear ringing laugh was ever music to my soul. In my saddest mood, it would make my heart to leap with joy to hear her speak. Or when tired of this mountain sport, we turned our steps to the lava bed to explore those underground caverns, the length, breadth and depth of which the Great Spirit only knows. She was then a mere child, ten snows old, yet a woman seemed. And I foolish boy that I was to let her go to the pale face settlement. Their chief promised to make a grand lady of her, I too see her once a year. She desiring to learn all the cunning arts the pale face is master of, urged me

to go; I reluctantly gave my consent; it is the last I have seen of her except in dreams and the imagination of my wakeful hours, she is ever present. O, how I wish she was here! What is this? [*picks up ribbon.*] Now by the Great Spirit am I mocked! how would a pale face squaw look in an Indian camp? Ugh! she would not stay here a day, where would she get ribbon and trimming for her hat?

Enter messenger, who announces there is a strange squaw in camp who would speak with the Chief.

Chief.—Admit her.

Exit messenger. Enter Lyonia: she kneels before the Chief.

Lyonia.—Honored Chief, I have but one request to make—

Chief.—Rise pale rose of the mountains, your request is granted.

Lyonia.—Hold! honored Chief, not so fast; how can you grant my request 'till you know what it is?

Chief.—I read from the eye which is a true index to the soul. You cannot ask that an honorable man dare refuse, my life I would stake upon it.

Lyonia.—Honored Chief, then know my mother died when I was young, my father not fit to live—by my mother's husband slain—and I, an only daughter left to mourn the loss of both an only brother had, who sent me away to the pale face land for my own good, that I might learn all the cunning arts of civilization. Their chief made part of his contract good, taught me all that well he could. But my heart yearned for my people so, that I, who know no fear, came here to seek my brother, who so noble, good and kind, I think he some resembled you!

Chief.—Lyonia! my sister!

Lyonia.—My brother! [*they embrace, and the Chief leads her off the stage.*]

SCENE 4TH.—*Miners in camp.*

One mixing bread; one pounding coffee with two rocks; one washing his shirt in a gold pan. The seat of one's pants patched with "Selfrising," one with "This side up with care."

Peter.—I say Bob, do you know Sallie Jones down in the valley?

Bob.—You bet your life I do; goldarned pretty gal, too—smart as thunder.

Peter.—Is that so! her and I are engaged to be married.

Bob.—Oh, you git out—you are always telling some yarn.

Peter.—Fact, Bob, fact; if ever I make a strike in these mountains, I will show you.

Bob.—Whew! whew! she will be married to some of them valley fellows long before that, Pete.

Peter.—Never, Bob, never; she is true grit.

[*At this moment some one comes running in with wood, screaming Indians! boys, Indians! They fight. Ben runs, Zelmond is taken prisoner—all the rest are killed. Exit.*]

SCENE 5TH.—*Chief Enos' home—Chief present.*

Enter Shyron [*with scalps in his belt*] and warriors.

Shyon.—Honored Chief.

Chief.—Speak Shyon.

Shyon.—Chief, then know, Shyon, vengance fell on his foe eighteen in number. One cayote like took to his heels and run away; one prisoner home we brought; sixteen sleep in death; thus Shyon's wrongs are avenged.

Chief.—For what purpose brought you the prisoner home?

Shyon.—For valor shown in battle, fighting like a brave. Shyon spared his life, honored Chief: you will decide his fate.

Chief.—Bring the prisoner forth!—[*Zelmond is brought in guarded.*]—Let the prisoner speak and show cause if any, why he should not die?

Prisoner.—I have no cause to plead, no reason for to live—let death come—I am ready.

Chief.—The prisoner is no squaw, but speaks like a brave; then be it known it is a custom with our tribe, that a prisoner taken in battle, who, willing to renounce his country and take a wife from our tribe, we pardon him and treat him as a brother. What say you prisoner?

Prisoner.—Let me be shot.

Enter Lyonia with a newspaper, recognizing the prisoner, faints.

Chief.—Shyon you will have the prisoner confined in Ty-yan-tus cave, and in three moons he will die.

Exit Shyon and prisoner, Lyonia returned to consciousness.

Chief.—Dear sister what has happened to effect you so?

Re-enter Shyon.

Lyonia.—Listen brother I will read: [*reads from a Yreka newspaper*] "A party of prospectors while traveling through the Modoc country, were attacked by Indians. One only escaped; he half famished arrived here yesterday; it would make the stoutest heart to quake to hear his sad story. Volunteers will be immediately called out to protect the emigrants, and wipe those red devils from the face of the earth."

HEADQUARTERS!—SNOBS' SALOON!!

Rally! Rally!! *in defence of the Frontier!*

Chief.—Shyon, send out scouts; let your signal fires burn, that your warriors may know that in three suns there will be a grand council held to decide what steps to take in defence of our rights.

ACT II.

Scene 1st.—*Yreka, California. Snobs' Saloon.*

Enter Ben.

Ben.—Well!—well! this begins to look like business; by to-morrow I will have my company complete, and I swear I will give them red devils hell. By thunder! this is a good game, and I hold the winning card and propose to make the most of it. The good honest people of this community never suspect that I am the first and real cause of all this trouble; if they did, instead of being Captain of this company, a rope would be my fate. I am lucky they don't, ha, ha, ha. By Gad they never shall: I will see to that.

Enter Ned.

Ned.—Good morning, Cap!

Ben.—Good morning Ned, glad you have come; we must know our men Ned, we don't want nary Zelmond in our crowd; look to it, Ned.

Ned.—Rest easy, Cap, just leave that to me; I know the boys, they don't stand on trifles—here comes a fair sample.

Enter Soldiers.

Soldier.—Whos' treat? Stand treat, Cap? [*they all drink to Ben's toast.*]

Ben.—Here to the man that gets away with the prettiest squaw and kills the most Indians! we go for scalps.

Hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!

Soldier.—Whose treat? Whose treat? goldarned dry. [*they all drink.*]

Ned.—[*aside*]—Arn't they the right stripe, Cap?

Ben.—They will do.

Soldier.—Whose treat? Whose treat? I am awful dry.

Ben.—My company is now complete, and by to-morrow's sun we will be on the road. and woe be to the Modoc tribe.

Soldier.—Who's treat? I am awful goldarned dry. [*they all drink.*]

Ben.—We will go and be mustered into service, so we can draw pay from the Government. The scalps, poneys and squaws we take will be our own.

Soldier.—I am awful dry, let's drink. [*they all drink.*] *Exit.*

SCENE 2ND.—*Chief Enos' Headquarters—Warriors present.*

Enter Chief.

Chief.—My noble warriors! for the last three suns, our signal fires have burned from every hill and mountain top in the land; well have you answered to the call. I trust you have come with your ears open and your hearts prepared to receive what the Great Spirit through me shall speak to you. From the beginning of time to the present day, this land has been the home of our fathers. Everything goes to show that it was created for our express use and benefit. Go ask the hills and valleys, and they in remembrance of the many times our wives and daughters have slept in peaceful security upon their bosom, or gathered the rich and luscious fruits that grow on every hand, prepared by the Great Father for his children; they in silent but unmistakable tones will answer, yes. Go, ask the rough and rugged mountain tops, and they in tones of thunder will answer back! Do we not furnish you with elk, bear, deer, and everything you need for the bold hunter's sport, and lesser game for the weaker members of the tribe? Go ask our lakes and mountain streams; they in rapid falling tones will answer! Do we not furnish salmon for the trap? speckled silver trout for the silent anglers' hook? Go ask our lava beds? They in deep undertone will answer you: Shelter from the storm; protection from the foe? Who in the face of all this dare say: This is not the home of the red man! The pale face, a vile intruder, that must, shall, and ought to be driven from the Modoc soil. Why? From the beginning of time 'till the pale face came, your wives and daughters have roamed over the beautiful hills and valleys of your own native land; gathering the rich and luscious food, prepared by the Great Spirit for his children. Your hunters returned from the chase, heavy laden with the fat and juicy meats of the mountains. Your warriors stood forth in your defence. Thus provided for, you were a free and happy people. The smiles of the Great Spirit rested upon you.

How is it now? Twenty snows ago you permitted the first treacherous pale face to place his foot on Modoc soil. The very hills and valleys resented the insult, and refused their wonted food. Your hunters returned from the chase, weary, worn, and footsore; with nothing to eat, your warriors hang their heads in shame. Your wives and daughters debauched before your very eyes. The frowns of the Great Spirit rests upon you. If you would bask once more in his smiles; awake from your slumbers! Strike the foe to the heart and drive the pale face from the land. Is there is one here who fears to meet the foe? if so let him to the lava bed, and send a squaw to fill his place to save the Modoc tribe the disgrace of running in battle. Now, there

are no cowards here; Modocs always are prepared to meet the foe; who came to us with two tongues in his head! a smile on his face and a lie in his heart! Of the wrongs received at his hands; let Shyon's murdered family speak. Modocs! do your duty. Be true to your fathers who have gone to the Spirit Land, and watch over you in battle. Be true to your wives and daughters, who need your protection. And above all, be true to the Great Spirit who sends you to battle for the right. Let your watchword be death to the pale face: honor and glory to each and all of you.

Scene 3d.—*Zelmond's Cave. Present, Zelmond.*

Enter Lyonia.

Zelmond.—Friend, to-morrow I must die; would I could repay you for the kindness shown me while a prisoner here.

Lyonia.—What little I have done, I ask no thanks; I would do more; I would save your life. If you will take me for your wife, the remainder of my days I will spend in being kind to you, and save you from this cruel death.

Zelmond.—Speak not so to me: your love and kindness I respect. But I have sworn never to marry—except it be—

Lyonia.—With me you had better say: be my love and save your life; I will make for you a noble wife. [*Aside*—You who taught me first to love, must live for me; or I will die with you. Come what will, we must live or die together.]

Zelmond.—Lyonia—never will I prove false to you, to-morrow I will die.

Lyonia.—In your death what will your Lyonia gain; if she was here, she would bid you live and wed with me, or she never loved as wife should love.

Zelmond.—I never can prove false to her, I am resolved to die.

Lyonia.—O, if you love another, and are resolved to die; give me that ring upon your finger worn; that it a relic, I may keep in rememberance of your fate.

Zelmond.—Ask for my eye and pluck it out, but let this ring upon my finger stay. Lyonia gave it me.

Lyonia.—Farewell—[*aside*—but not forever]—we will meet again. [*Exit.*]

Chief Enos' Headquarters. Present, Enos and Shyon.

Chief.—Shyon; three moons have come and gone since we passed sentence on your prisoner; bring him forth, that he may die. [*Exit Shyon—re-appear with guard and prisoner.*] Has the prisoner anything to say—let him speak.

Zelmond.—Nothing; I would die.

Chief.—Shyon, six warriors whom you may select, will with rifle guns dispatch the prisoner. [*Exit Shyon, returns with warriors armed with guns.*] Noble warriors in accordance with the unchangeable laws of the Modoc tribe, you are called upon to dispatch this prisoner, who is a brave of the highest rank; and is entitled to meet death at your hands with all the honors of war. You will perform this solemn duty with less reluctancy, knowing he is a brave worthy of your mark; also that the privileges of a prisoner of war have been offered him which he indignantly spurned. There is no other alternative left at your hands, he must die! Warriors! are you prepared to do your duty?

Warriors.—We are prepared.

Shyon.—[*makes a ring on the ground and remarks*]: This is the death ring; if the prisoner is a brave he is entitled to stand in the ring with his face to the foe; unbound and die like a man; this is the highest honor that we can confer on a prisoner of war; if he is worthy of such honor, let him step forward. [*Prisoner takes his place and is cheered by the warriors.*] Warriors! when I count three, you will fire; one! two!—[*At this moment Lyonia springs in front of the prisoner facing the warriors and cries:*] Hold! warriors; hold!

Chief.—Sister! what evil spirit possesses you? Stand out of the way! the prisoner, he shall die.

Lyonia.—Not if he claims the privilege of a prisoner and takes a wife from our tribe.

Chief.—Let the prisoner speak while there is life—this privilege is extended him in honor of his bravery.

Zelmond.—Stand out of the way! let me be shot.

Lyonia.—Hark! while I have life to speak, I will plead for you. Noble brother! honored Chief and warriors true! take heed what I do say to you—while in the pale face land I lived, I had a lover true, who loved me as he loved his life, and sought me to be his wife. But, in that land of false pride I loved him too well to be his bride; now to save his life, I would consent to be his wife. [*Turns to Anscor.*] What say you Anscor? Are you willing to renounce your country for my sake, and live with me on Tule Lake?

Zelmond.—Great God! Lyonia—how came you here? [*They embrace.*]

Lyonia.—My horse fetched me—Shyon fetched you—with brother's consent, we will wed, and make our home by the lava bed.

Zelmond.—Now by Heaven! am I favored; when I least expected it; for without you, I wished to die; now with you I hope to live. "Your people shall be my people; your God shall be my God!" Brother, do you consent?

Chief.—My brother!—My sister! you have our blessing—we consent. Shyon invoke the Great Spirit that they become one.

Anscor and Lyonia kneel facing each other. Shyon pours a few drops from a vial and chants Indian: they rise up. Chief and warriors join hands and circle around them, then they all shake hands.

Exit.

Scene 4th.—*Chief Enos' Stronghold in the Lava Bed.*

Chief Enos, Warriors, Lyonia and Anscor, present.

Chief.—The pale face are too many for us in the open field. But did they outnumber the leaves on the trees, they could not harm us here. We will in the dark and silent hours of the night, sally forth and before the sun has thrown his light o'er the valley, we will have done our work and back to the lava bed; this will we repeat 'till we thin them out and drive them from the land.

Lyonia.—Brother, go with me to the ocean beach, and as the water recedes, take a pebble from the sand; look, as the wave returns, a handful takes its place; so it is with the pale face. Thin out those already here, ten times as many more would come. You can never conquer them.

Chief.—Then I can die; I never will give up my warriors to be hung!

[*Shyon announces there is a pale face who would speak to the Chief.*]

Chief.—Admit him.

Enter Messenger; salutes the Chief.

Messenger.—My chief authorizes me to say, that if you and your people; will meet him unarmed at some convenient place that he is the representative of the Great Chief at Washington. The father of us all, will smoke the pipe of peace with you, and in that act, bury the past; and in the future be your friend. Buy your land, give you a home where you may select, with horses, cattle, wagons, plows and seed, and everything you need; with schools and churches, and ministers to teach you the road to heaven—what answer shall I give?

Chief.—It is good; I fear treachery.

Lyonia.—Brother accept the terms; I will go the pale faces' bond. He will do right by you.

Zelmond.—If it will strengthen more the cause, I will say, I know the Great Chief at Washington; it is his will and wish to do right by you.

Chief.—Go unarmed! I like it not; by the Great Spirit, I fear treachery!

Lyonia.—Brother, when did I advise you to a wrong? Take my husband

and go; if any wrong comes to you or yours, slay my husband, and in that act kill me too; for I will not outlive my husband!

Chief.—Where does your chief desire that we should meet, to smoke the pipe of peace?

Messenger.—At the Natural Bridge on Lost River, twenty-five miles from here.

Chief.—Go twenty-five miles from here, and unarmed? What! Leave these rocks, our natural protectors? it is too far! I will not go! it would place my people at your mercy! Coah-h-ha mook-ah! *I dare not trust you*! to-to tusta! to-to tusta!—*I will not go! I will not go!*

Messenger.—My chief will go there, too, unarmed and camp. He is well supplied with beef and flour and everything; so you can have a feast, and talk the matter over and know for yourselves he is your friend, and can and will do you much good.

Lyonia.—Brother, go and make friends, see how kind it is in him to furnish us with food; here, we will soon starve. We might as well go and die at their hands, if such is to be our fate?

Chief.—As for myself, I fear them not; it is you, I fear will suffer if I consent to go.

Lyonia.—Brother, this once be ruled by me. I know the pale face well; they are a vain and wicked people in some respects; we to, have our faults. But this dark deed of treachery which you suspect, they dare not do.

Chief.—Go tell your chief that I accept his terms, and that in two suns I, with my people will be at the appointed place.

SCENE 5TH.—*At the crossing of Lost River.*

Ben in front of his tent. Enter Ned.

Ben.—Well Ned; if the old chief keeps his word, they will be here to-night.

Ned.—Oh, he will keep his word. But I thought you told me that young Zehnond was killed by the Indians that time?

Ben.—So he was; would to God that he had lived; that I might wreak my vengence on him.

Ned.—Well, have your wish; I saw him in the Indian camp: he is married to Chief Enos' sister.

Ben.—No! by thunder that cannot be! you are mistaken!

Ned. I am not mistaken: he was there!

Ben. Then to-morrow, he will be in my power. Chief Enos shall give him up, or by hell, I will kill them all! not that he ever harmed me—but I dispise him for his goodness. I remember too, how he blowed me up for

killing that old squaw and children. Yes; he shall die; I must get him in my power alive. He knows too much; it would not do for him to go to the valley and report how I managed to get up this row; that I might profit by it. No, his tongue shall cease to wag.

Ned.—How do you propose to manage it?

Ben.—When they get here to-night, we will kill some of the cattle, and feast them high. Then to-morrow morning, I will go through their camp, and if I find him there, I will demand of Enos that he be given up, and if he fails to do it I will have the boys so arranged, that at a given signal they can open fire and kill them all. [*Aside.* That is what I intend to do anyhow; I want their *scalps.*] Extra care and kindness we will bestow upon them; this will silence all suspicion Then I will call them around in such a way that they will fall an easy prey to our revolvers. Then with this [*showing his revolver*] Shyon, their War Chief, shall bite the dust; that shall be the signal; my boys will do the work. [*Exit.*]

Scene 6th.—*Indians camped between Ben and the River. Chief Shyon and Indians standing around unarmed.*

Enter Ben with revolver concealed.

Ben. -Brother, how have your people spent the night?

Chief.—Well, thanks be to your kindness; had we but understood each other from the start, we might have saved much bloodshed.

Ben.—Right, noble Chief! and in the future there shall be no mistake; you and yours must be well provided for; it is our father's wish; it shall be carried out.

Chief.—I, and my people, shall be true to you and yours; and when occasion offers, you have but to speak, your wish it shall be done.

Ben.—Thanks, noble Chief; and now I think of it, I have occasion to call on you—you will not deny my first request.

Chief.—Speak brother; your wish is ours.

Ben.—My wish it is a small one, scarce worth the asking. But I must do my duty in *small* things as well as *large*.

Chief.—Well spoken; from small things, great ones do grow. Speak; your wish is already granted you.

Ben.—As I was walking this morning through your camp, my eye fell on a renegade pale face who fled his country for crimes committed there; justice demands that he be given up.

Chief.—What! who can it be?

Ben.—Young Zelmond.

Chief.—No! he is no renegade! but an honest man, brave and true! Me and mine, shall die before him I will yield to you!

Ben.—Chief; beware how you awaken my wrath; remember you are in my power.

Chief.—Coward! pale face; you lie! Me nor mine fears you not!

Ben.—Brother; we must not quarrel. Cast your eyes on yonder hill? That band of cattle, horses, and mules; they shall be yours, if you will but give up Zelmond.

Chief.—Do you take me for a Snake base born dog? I spurn you from my presence. Lay-yah! Lay-yah!—We are betrayed! We are betrayed!—Ty-conia! Ty-conia!—To the river! To the river!

[*Ben draws his revolver and shoots Shyon who falls dead on the stage—the Indians stampede; soldiers after them; many of the Indians are killed on the stage. Curtain falls.*]

Return to the Lava Bed.

Lyonia, squaws and pappooses present.

Enter Chief, and Indians carrying the supposed dead body of Zelmond.

Lyonia.—Oh! Anscor! is this our fate? [*kneels and kisses him.*] Would to God I never had been born, then this day would not have come to me. Oh, the fiends incarnate! what hellish deed they have done! to murder in cold blood unarmed and defenseless men, that ne'r done wrong, except when they put trust in them! Oh, why did this tongue of mine urge you to go? Dear brother, tear it out! and throw it to the dogs! No; let me keep it to urge you on to deeds of vengence! give me a gun! I will take the lead! Bid your warriors follow me! What? they all still in death? Such a deed as this would make warriors out of squaws! Come on my sisters! we will avenge this cowardly act! [*Squaws snatch up guns, exit chanting for the dead.*]

ACT III.

Scene 1st.—*Snobs' Saloon, Yreka, California.*

Enter Ben with scalps in his belt.

Ben.—By thunder! this is a desperate game; and I still hold the highest card and am resolved to win; though hell itself should stand aghast, at the foul deeds I have, and shall commit. These precious locks, [*showing the scalps*] though obtained through base treachery, the world knows it not, must be the means of my promotion. On every hand already, I am pointed out as the *bold defender* of the defenseless frontier. Since I have returned from the Modoc country with these substantial [*showing the scalps*] trophies

of my bravery and ability to serve my country, my friends have sent on to Washington to have me appointed, agent of this district; ha, ha, ha; much beef and blankets they will get (that is the miners, if they come down with the dust). Those red devils, yes, blankets rather thin, they will get. The government will never know; and this, [*showing his revolver*] shall silence all complaint Here comes Ned. Any news, Ned?

Ned.—Everything is all right; here is a letter from Washington. [*Ben takes the letter.*]

Ben.—This is my commission; you shall have the contract to furnish the Agency with beef; Bill will dispose of it to the miners, and we will divide the dust. John will dispose of the blankets; the damned Indians can gather camas and acorns or starve, I don't care a cuss which. And this [*showing his revolver*] shall be our protector.

Scene 2d.—*Chief Enos' Mountain Home.*

Enter Chief.

Chief.—My noble scouts for the last three snows have sought to discover his hiding place; thanks be to the Great Spirit, their efforts have been crowned with success; he is now at Totoney's Camp, on Lower Rogue River. I now evoke the Great Spirit to guide my stealthy steps, least he be warned of my coming, and flee the punishment I have in store for him. By day I will sleep; by night I will travel, 'till I arrive at his camp; I must bide my time, then vengence! sweet vengence! shall be mine!

Scene 3d.—*Totoneys's Camp on Rogue River.*

Enter Totoney and Chief Enos.

Chief.—Brother, I thought you would keep him here; I swear he shall not escape. You will send a swift footed messenger for him; one that will bring him here, that I may wreak my vengence on him.

Totoney.—I will send young Eagle-eye who is as fleet and shure as a thunder bolt. What message shall he take to bring him here the quickest?

Chief.—Has the vile cur a single friend in all this land that he would dare spend a thought upon?

Totoney.—Let me think; yes, there is one who helps him to steal and rob us much, for that alone; he would be his friend. That man is Ned the occupant of yonder cabin.

Chief.—Then instruct Eagle-eye to say to Ben that your young men here have drank of the pale face strong fire water and are beyond your control, and

have resolved to murder Ned on Christmas night. This, I think will bring him.

Totoney.—Yes, Eagle-eye will go, and Ben will come.

Scene 4th.—*Crescent City, American Hotel.*

Ben, ladies and gentlemen present. Gents dressed as miners. They dance.

Enter Eagle-eye.

Eagle-eye.—Captain Ben I have come from Totoney's Camp, to inform you that his young men are wild with fire water, and are resolved on the death of Ned; and they will murder him on Christmas night, unless you go at once you have no time to loose.

Ben.—Ladies and gentlemen I must go and save my friend [*aside*] for he brings me much gold.

Scene 5th.—*Ned's Cabin; Ben and Ned present..*

Ben.—Ned in the future you must be a little more cautious and not let the red devils have quite so much whiskey.

Ned.—Pooh! pooh! I don't fear them, and for whiskey they give up the dust, you bet.

Ben.—It is Chrismas, and as I was swindled out of my sport last night, I propose we have an Indian dance; what say you, Ned?

Ned.—All right, Cap.

Ben.—Then tell Totoney that he must give give us a dance to-night.

Ned.—All right.

Scene 6th.—*The same, Ben and Ned set by a table.*

Ben.—I am not well to-day, Ned; as for the dance to-night, I guess I shan't go.

Ned.—Go! go! by all means. Totoney and the young squaws have been at great pains to arrange everything so as to make it pleasant for you, Ben!

Ben.—I have been thinking, thinking of my mother, Ned. Thinking of the day I left my father's home, how on bended knee her eyes upturned to heaven, she prayed for me, her darling boy. Prayed that I might be kept from harm and sinful ways. Prayed that if we should never meet on earth again, we might meet in heaven. And I have been thinking, thinking, Ned, how step by step I have fallen, fallen, 'till now I blush not at any crime. I feel, I know, Ned, that my time is short when I must go to meet my God.

Ned.—Ha, ha, ha, Cap, what nonsense. Stay! no, we will go: what has

unmaned you so? Come let's go! we will have a jolly time; come, let's be off!

Ben.—No, I will not go to-night. Ned, I would give the world; could I but recall the last five years of my wild career. My life has been a checkered one; had it not been for this [*throwing a sack of gold on the table*] cursed passion for gold, which took possession of my soul, and drove me on to deeds of madness, I might have been an honest man, and feared not now to meet my God. But for this [*throws the sack from the table, it falls on the floor*], I sold myself; damnation seize upon my soul, and the tortures of hell already rack this frame of mine. Ned, I am doomed; my fate is sealed; I am undone.

Ned.—[*Aside*] he is beside himself, I will order brandy; [*enter servant with brandy bottle and glasses—they force him to drink*] Here Cap, let's drink, and drive away dull care; let 's take another drink; here is to Totoney's daughters! and we will dance with them to-night! [*they drink.*]

Ben.—Yes, we will go and dance with them to-night; then,—well, who cares; let 's go!

[*Exit.*]

Scene 6th.—*Totoney's Camp, Ben, Ned, Indians and Squaws present. They dance.*

Enter Chief Enos.

Chief.—Foul fiend of hell, I have you now. For four long snows I have watched and prayed that this hour might come. Villain! prepare to meet your God! For you shall pay the penalty of every crime committed against me and mine!

Ben.—Chief Enos! Spare! Oh! spare my life!

Chief.—Who spared Shyon's wife and babes? Who spared my unarmed and defenseless people? No! coward! you shall die!

Ben.—I am not fit to die; let me but live! here is gold! [*Offers him gold.*]

Chief.—Your gold! it I despise, as I do you! For it the pale face sells his friends! My people touch it not! No! treacherous, coward pale face! your villainous! blood-stained gold [*draws his knife*] dwells not with me! Draw and defend yourself! for I have sworn with this, to carve your worthless carcass up, and feed it to my dogs!

Ben.—I am undone, but I will fight; [*draws his revolver. They fight. Ben is wounded, he falls.*] My mother! my mother! prayed for me. [*He dies.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE 1ST.—*San Francisco. A room in Zelmond's house. Zelmond present.*

Zelmond.—My wife is out to-night; time always hangs heavy on my hands when she is away. My old friend Peter is going to call, however—and here he is. [*Enter Peter.*] Well Peter, "after so long an absence, at last we meet again. Does the meeting give us pleasure, or does it give us pain?" For my part, I frankly confess that it affords me much pleasure; notwithstanding, it calls up old scenes that I would fein forget.

Peter.—I, too would blot out the remembrance of that fatal night when all our comrads, except that miserable Ben were killed by the enraged Modocs who wreaked vengence on us for his cowardly acts, the murdering of that poor Indian family. But how came you to make your escape?

Zelmond.—That is the question I was going to ask; but since you wish to know, I will inform you. I fought with desperation to save the boys and die myself, for I was desperate and cared not to live; a warrior fell at every blow. At last overpowered, I was compelled to yield and go with them to camp. Here I met my wife who saved my life. Half-breed, though she be; I never have had cause to regret my choice. And had it not been for Ben, there I should have lived and died, no doubt. He came and deceived our people and slaughtered most of them. I was carried off of the field supposed to be dead; my time had not come, and I am here.

Peter.—Did you ever learn what became of Ben?

Zelmond.—O yes, on Christmas night, Chief Enos, brother of my wife, fell upon him like a clap of thunder when least expected, and a mutilated corpse not recognizeable by his best friends, was all that was left of the coward Ben. A few days after, Chief Enos fell by the hands of the whites. He being the last of my wife's family, this dissolved our connection with the tribe. We moved to this city, and a glorious time we have had, and I have been a happy man. Come now, let 's hear from you?

Peter.—You doubtless remember that when we were attacked, I was telling Bob of my engagement with a girl down in the valley, and that as soon as I made a strike, we were to be married. Those illmanerly, uneducated redskins, broke in on our conversation rather abruptly by just knocking my pins from under me, and taking a lock of my hair, by way of remembrance; or probably their sweet hearts were sadly in want of curls. Be that as it may, they took a lock of my hair and left me for dead. How long I lay unconscious, I cannot say; when I come too, I was burning up of a fever, and dying for something to drink; I crawled to the creek and drank deep of its

cooling waters; in three months from that time, I was back to the mines. For five long years I courted dame Fortune's smiles, but in vain; at last I made a strike, worked six weeks; result: forty thousand dollars. I need not say to you, I went to the valley. Judge my disappointment at not finding my Sallie; she was gone!

Zelmond.—Married too some of those valley fellows, ah? Too bad. "But there is as good fish"—

Peter.—No! no! there are not! She was not married; but left the country. You see, I have hunted the place up-side down, and am still on the hunt. She must be found; I must know her fate.

Zelmond.—Place? what place? When? Where? How? did she come to—go away?

Peter.—Why you see, the news went to the valley that I was killed by Indians. She, poor girl; went most crazy; pined and wasted away. The doctors recommended travel. As ill luck would have it, a young married couple come along who were on their way to this city. They urged, and she at last consented to come with them. This is the last I have heard of her; I think they are still in the city. I am still on the hunt; I can never give her up.

Zelmond.—Old friend, yours is indeed a sad story. I, too, think she must be in this city. Call on me to-morrow and we will see what can be done. In the meantime, go to your room and rest to-night.

Peter.—I will go, but I cannot rest 'till she is found.

Exit.

Enter Lyonia.

Lyonia.—Dear husband, pardon me for keeping you waiting so long; I hope you have not been lonesome or impatient at my stay? I could not well avoid it. I have been trying to rouse poor Sallie's drooping spirits. Dear girl, I pity her; I know it is some love affair that causes her to droop and mourn so much. She will not confide in me, however, and I can only guess. But say! how have you spent your evening?

Zelmond.—I met an old friend and had him to call, else I might have wearied of your absence; however, I always like to have my wife, "pour oil on the trouble waters," to lighten others griefs; it is an angel's mission; you are destined to lead me on to heaven. But come! sit down, I too have had Miss Sallie's case under advisement. I have the remedy; she will soon be well.

Lyonia.—The doctors say that she will die, I fear she will, poor girl. What have you done with your old friend? Your old friends are mine, you know!

Zelmond.—My old friend is Sallie's lover, whom she thinks dead; as I did until I met him to-night. He was one of our party when I was taken pris-

oner. He lost his hair, but not his life; now he is on the hunt of his Sallie dear. How shall we bring them together.

Lyonia.—Leave that to me; I will manage it; go you and send Sallie here. *Exit Zelmond.*

Enter Sallie.

Lyonia.—Sallie come sit by me, I have a strange story to relate to you.

Sallie.—There is many strange stories in this world.

Lyonia.—This is something that will interest you. My husband was once with a party who were attacked by Indians, and most all were reported killed; since then he has met one who escaped.

Sallie.—Oh Peter! Peter! has he seen my Peter? Oh! do not trifle with me! but say he lives? I know he does! last night I saw him as plain as ever did! Oh! speak! and say your husband has seen him!

Lyonia.—Could you compose yourself and prepare to meet him if he was here?

Sallie.—Oh! take me to him! it needs no preparation for me to meet my Peter! But are you sure it was him?

Lyonia.—Then compose your mind to meet him, for he is now in this city; ransacking every nook and corner, hunting for his Sallie dear. We will retire for the night; to-morrow he has engaged to meet my husband here that they may look for you.

SCENE 2ND.—*Peter called on Mr. Youknowcim, who claims to be a special detective.*

Enter Peter.

Peter.—I am told that you are just the man to help—

Mr. Youknowcim.—A fellow out of a scrape, well, yes; if it is in my line! never go out of my regular line of business; if any one is lost, I just find 'em.

Peter.—You are the man; you see I am hunting a young woman from Oregon, a Miss Sallie Jones.

Mr. Youknowcim.—Borrowed something up in Oregon, and forgot to return it before she left?

Peter.—No! no! no! nothing of the kind; honest good girl.

Mr. Youknowcim.—Now I understand; lost; no clue as to her wherabouts?

Peter.—She is in this city; that I am shure!

Mr. Youknowcim.—Then I can find her; it takes time and money.

Peter.—Make your time short, and name your price.

Mr. Youknowcim.—Say three weeks; price two thousand five hundred; one thousand down, balance when found; that fair?

Peter.—Three weeks is a long time; say one—and it is a bargain.

Mr. Youknowim.—Well, let's have the coin; we don't stand on trifles!

[*Peter pays.*]

Exit Mr. Youknowim.

Peter.—I am on the right track now; that is money well spent. I will go to my room.

Exit.

Enter Youknowim and Bridget.

Mr. Youknowim.—They tell me that your name is Sallie Jones and that you are from Oregon?

Bridget.—Shure and it is the truth sir!

Mr. Youknowim.—And that your sweatheart's name is Peter?

Bridget.—Why should you be after tasen a dacent girl? shure and you know it is.

Mr. Youknowim.—You stay here; I will go and send Peter.

Exit Youknowim.

Enter Peter.

Bridget.—Dear Pater, is it you? come to my arms, dear Pater! Ouch! Pater, and have you forgot your own swate Sallie dear? Shure, war'nt we begaged up in Oregon?

Peter.—There is some mistake about this; I never saw you in the world before—there is some mistake.

Bridget.—Now Pater, just the same you used to was always jokin'. Pater, shure now, let's go to the praist's and have it over, then we will be all right Pater, we can then set up housekeeping and take lodgers.

Peter.—Detective, detective, ha, ha, ha, detective—[*starts to the door*].

Bridget.—Stop your noise, Pater; shure there is not an infective in forty miles of here, and if there was we have done nothing as yet, Pater.

Peter.—Out upon you! leave my presence or I will have you locked up in less than a giffy.

Bridget.—O you spallpeen! is that the way you talk? I will sue you for a breach of promise before to-morrow morning—I will go and send me lawyer; out upon *yeas, ye* blaggard!

Exit Bridget.

Peter.—This is finding Sallie with a vengeance—the Lord deliver us from all such!

Enter Mr. Youknowim.

Mr. Youknowim.—I suppose every thing is all right; we might as well settle.

Peter.—Every thing is all wrong; what do you mean sir? explain.

Mr. Youknowim.—Why, as I have fulfilled my contract; you will pay me the balance, fifteen hundred, that will make us square.

Peter.—You impertinent scoundrel! would you have the impudence to undertake to defraud me in this manner?

Mr. Youknowim.—I undertake to defraud no one; all I ask is for you to pay me the price agreed upon—I have done my part, I expect you to do yours.

Peter.—There take your money, [*he takes the money and goes.*] I see how it is; he and that Bridget have entered into a conspiracy to rob me; the best thing that I can do is to give them what they want, and let them go.

Enter Mr. Takein.

Mr. Takein.—Mr. Peter, I believe; I have called in the interest of my client to see what can be done in this case.

Peter.—What case do you mean? I do not understand you.

Mr. Takein.—Come now, that is too thin; we might as well talk business first as last. You see Miss Salie Jones sets her damages at ten thousand dollars, which I consider a reasonable figure—if you look to your interest, you will settle this little affair without giving the thing further publicity.

Peter.—I am not going to be trifled with in this manner. Your Miss Salie Jones is an imposter, and you are a fraud—you will oblige me by taking a walk.

Mr. Takein.—Come now, you are excited; calm yourself, and think what will your friends say, and what will be the result. Your character blackened, an expensive suit, and in the end you will have the ten thousand with cost to pay. We have all our witnesses, and can substantiate all the facts in the case. Now shall I bid you go. [*starts to go.*]

Peter.—Hold on, [*aside;* I see how it is, this is a deep, well laid plot to ruin me] I will give five; [*aside*; I must get shut of her at once.]

Mr. Takein.—I can take nothing less than ten thousand; it is her orders.

Peter.—I will give five [*aside;* that rascally detective is at the bottom of this] that is all I will stand.

Mr. Takein.—Then I will commence suit at once; I bid you good day. [*starts to go.*]

Peter.—Stop, here is your money; I cannot afford to make this public.

Mr. Takein.—[takes the money] now you act like a sensible man; this will be kept still; you need have no fears now.

Exit Mr. Takein.

Peter.—This about ruins me, and Salie is no nearer found than at first.

This is the last they will get from me; [*starts to go*] here is the detective, let's see what is up.

Enter Mr. Youknowim.

Mr. Youknowim.—I have found your Sallie this time, no mistake.

Peter.—Where is she, take me to her. [*starts to go.*]

Mr. Youknowim.—Business first you see; I have been at great expense, had all the boys out on their beats; it will take two thousand five hundred to settle up with them; they have worked hard and must be paid. Miss Sallie is half crazy to see you.

Peter.—Let's go; if it is her, you shall be paid, but I must see her first.

Mr. Youknowim.—O that is all right, you stop here; I will go and bring her.

Exit Mr. Youknowim.

Peter.—You see I am too sharp for him this time; he knows better than to ask for money unless it is her.

Enter Mr. Youknowim, with a woman closely veiled.

Mr. Youknowim.—Miss Salie Jones, of Oregon, here is your Peter.

[*She throws herself into his arms; they embrace; Peter leads her to a seat.*]

Mr. Youknowim.—As things are on the square this time, we will settle and I will retire from your service.

Peter.—Here is your money and a small present; besides I shall feel ever grateful to you for the excellent services rendered. [*Mr. Youknowim takes the money and goes.*]

[*Peter takes his seat beside his supposed Sallie, puts his arm around her waist and remarks*]— O, dear Sallie! how long it has been since we sat down together; I have longed for this hour to come; why don't you speak to me? O let me kiss those rosy lips! [*Lifts her veil and discloses a wench.*] O God! is it a ghost? Heaven protect me! what can this mean? I am undone.

Dinor.—I will undo you; don't you try to make a fool of dis chile.

Peter.—O my God! what can this mean?

Dinor.—No foolishness wid dis chile; you fillfull de contact, dat's what you do.

Peter.—O what on earth do you want? what do you want?

Dinor.—You settle, you settle, or I will sue you for a breach wid promise, dat's what I do, dat's what I do.

Peter.—O my God! am I in the infernal regions? [*Starts to go; Dinor catches him.*]

Dinor.—No you dont, 'fore God, till you settle wid dis chile.

Peter.—What do you want? how much?

Dinor.—Ten dollars, ten dollars, dats what it is. [*Peter gives her the money and goes.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE 3D.—*Parlor in Zelmond's house.*

Enter Sallie.

Sallie.—My friend, Mrs. Zelmond, thinks that she is going to have a good time telling my Peter that I am here, and then bringing him and I together; I will just see that she don't. For my part I could meet Peter just as I would any one in a sensible way. Peter might be foolish; if he is, she shall be none the wiser. I will answer his call and meet him first.

O I am so gay and happy now since my Peter is not dead;
Yet these horrid thoughts come to mind,
O what will Peter think, for fashion has changed,
O what will Peter think, for fashion has changed, you know.

When Peter first came to see me at home,
The hair I wore was all my own,
But now you see it could not be,
For fashion has changed.
O what will Peter think,
For fashion has changed, you know.

Then when I went to get a new gown, nine yards a pattern I found.
But now you see, it could not be;
For fashion has changed.
O what will Peter think,
For fashion has changed, you know.

Then the heels on our boots were made comfortably low;
Now they are made to show;
For fashion has changed.
O what will Peter think,
For fashion has changed, you know.

When then we walked we did not bend,
But now, you see, we have to.
For fashion has changed.
O what will Peter thihk,
For fashion has changed, you know.

Exit Sallie.

Enter Peter.

Peter.—Things have run rough with me; that special detective and his gang proved a special set of villains. I have got out of their clutches and they have got half of my cash; I am thankful that I got away with my life from such a villainous set. Why don't Zelmond come? He must know how anxious I am to find my Sallie dear?

Enter Sallie.

Sallie.—Be seated, sir! Mr. Zelmond will be here presently. He is engaged for the moment.

Peter.—Do my eyes and ears deceive me! No! it is my own Sallie dear! Great God! how unwell you look! What has wrought this change! Your cheeks, once so red and rosy, now so pale and deathlike! what has changed you so?

Sallie.—Grief for your supposed death—now I will soon be well. [*She faints, and he carries her off the stage.*]

Enter Zelmond.

Zelmond.—My old friend don't seem to be so fast on the hunt of his Sallie after all; it is now quite late and he is not here yet; you never can depend on what a fellow says when he is in love. He may have hanged, drowned or committed suicide before this. I should hate to be held accountable for his acts; not but what he is a good fellow but on general principles. Here comes my wife.

Enter Lyonia.

Lyonia.—Has not your old friend come? I wish he was here: I come to break the news to him?

Enter Peter and Sallie.

Peter.—And we have come to break the news to you, since I have found my Sallie dear. The setting sun will find us one.

Zelmond.—Kind friends, both great and small; if you will call again to-morrow night, we will try our best you to delight. So for the present good night.

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